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toward the palm. No rule is invariable about backgrounds, but it is important that the background should contain whatever is necessary to illustrate the character of the person. The eye should apply to the parts. Illustrate the whole without taking from the main point. Too much parade in the background is apt to fatigue, by constantly shifting the attention. Drawing the features distinctly and carefully with chalk is loss of time; all studies should be made with the brush in hand. It is nonsense to think of perfecting oneself in drawing before one begins to paint. When the hand is not able to execute the decision of the mind, a fastidiousness ensues, and on its back disappointment and disgust. This is one reason why the Italians never painted so well as other schools.

Be ever jealous about truth in painting, and preserve as pure as possible the round blunt strokes. The first stage of painting is blocking out the subject. The advantage of having the easel before the sitter is that by so doing you are enabled to embrace both at once. The eye, from practice, passes from one to the other with great rapidity. Never suffer a sitter to lean against the back of the chair; it constrains the attitude and general air of the person. Attend to this particularly; without this the best head is of little avail. Some faces require to be fringed up to the very marking with large tools: thick skinned faces are of this character. Be careful to blend the hair on the forehead, for dark points will otherwise show through thick paint.

Always use spirits of turpentine with white. It carries off the oil in evaporation. Avoid by all means parallel lines. Straight or curved short lines are to be avoided.

The nose must be indented to give zest to the eyes. Be careful never to have the head higher colored than you wish it until the last sitting. It is apt to give a heavy orange appearance. Never glaze until you have a sufficient body of color as will stand against all the accidents liable to picture-cleaning. Never put a light object in the shadows, or a dark object in the lights. To produce extreme perspective, give great glow in the foreground. Artists often mistake in giving a low, deep tone to their backgrounds, for by so endeavoring to bring out, they sink their subject. Backgrounds, dark in the direction of the light, are oftener agreeable than when they oppose the light.

—
UGLINESS, which has its origin in the stopping short of its end, of itself causes us to stop still, and to hope for, aim at, and expect nothing at all.—*Goethe*.

TO THE WISCONSIN.

SWEET onward, mighty river of the land
Where my first roof-tree rose!
Sweep onward, o'er thy fields of shining sand;
And all thy islands, where the wild vine grows,
Lifting its purple tendrils to the light,
Cheer with thy waters bright!

Within thy bowers the wild dove coos unseen;
Thy matted coverts hide
The timid doe beneath their leafy screen,
And her young fawn steps wondering at her side;
They in thy shallows dip their ebon feet
In sultry summer's heat.

Two hundred years ago, upon thy wave
Sailed one whose honored name
Has made thy waters dear, the good, the brave
Marquette, whose heart and soul were all afame
With love of God and his poor children here—
A love that cast out fear.

Perhaps beside this rocky bluff, alone,
He watched yon dark-green pine
Clutch with its strenuous roots the rifted stone,
Like noble poverty, that scorns to whine,
A sturdy patriarch on a rugged soil,
That triumphs in his toil.

Like a fair girl with ribbons round her tied,
The slender birch-tree rears
Its tattered, creamy stem against the side
Of the grey rock; the rock as background bears
All lovely tints from nature's palette made,
For shadow, light and shade.

Oh, from thy far-off, sandy reservoir,
And from thy grooved rocks,
Pour down, as now, obstructions evermore!
The sandbar that, forever shifting, mocks
The wheels of commerce, that thy sweet, calm air
No sound of traffic bear!

Soul-searing traffic, the foul lust of gain,
Beauty's destroyer—death
To the sweet fellowship of man, thy stain
Dims the pellucid stream, and taints heaven's breath,
Widens the gulf betwixt the rich and poor—
Oh, come not near this shore!

Sweep onward, mighty river of the land
Where death first visited
My lowly dwelling, and with icy hand
Chilled the warm streams that from my heart were
fed;
On, on, like life, like time! we haste like thee
On to the peaceful sea.

B.

—
FILIPACARA, the Italian poet, calls the inkstand the poison cup of the monster Oblivion.—*Boyes*.